The Trout's Mental Capacity.

It is only during freshets, or when the waters are running, that the trout can leap a fall; then, taking the water at a point where the stream runs strong and steady, they back into quieter waters to gather impetus and make a dash at the fall. So long as the body of water covers them entirely, with all fins submerged, they can make progress, but let the force of the current turn them until one fin is exposed to the air, and down the fish goes to the foot of the falls. Stunned, strained and apparently bruised, it lays quiescent, but soon rallying its forces, it swims gently up to within a few inches of the down-pouring flood, as if carefully surveying the stream of water, then backing gently under force of the current, it rests a few moments, and then quick as the eye can follow its movements, it cuts the water slightly at angle to its force, and just at the breast of the fall or dam it is seen (a mere glimpse) in the air. Flinging itself forward and head downward it enters the upper water. Another second and out it comes again and again, as if in mere sportiveness. Soon it is away up stream. It is the sheerest folly to imagine that a trout can fling itself as much as five or six feet up a fall and gain the upper waters by this method. We cannot expect a trout to do something impossible. Comparison gives us correct judgment, and analogy steps in when we cannot judge from observation; if we reason from analogy we shall not go far astray.

The mental capacity of trout, when judged by their sense of sight, is fully developed. Good old Izaak Walton used to say that their sight was "keener than a hawk." Now nature never intended him to be so, because there is no necessity for it, for nature never blunders; nature always graduates the means to suit the end.

A hawk needs to see his prey in the grass or brush when hovering in the air a mile or so away, but a trout's sight is not so keen as it has been represented to be. It is true if you come between him and the bare sky behind at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, he will see you instantly and cease rising, but increase the distance to seventeen or eighteen yards and he does not see you nearly so well, and if you stop probably he will not see you at all. It is a question in this case of the angle of refraction. The trout is, a trout can see you just as far as the angle of refraction enables him to see you and no farther, and this will, to an extent, be affected by the depth of water that he lies in.

But what induces one to doubt the sharpness of his sight is this: If you stand with your back to a tree or brush, so that you make no distinct shadow and do not otherwise attract attention, the trout cannot see you and you can raise him easily, almost under your rod tip, but if you move three yards away from the tree or brush you can not do so. Now we think this proves an eyesight much less keen than a hawk. Nature meant the trout to get his living in the water and on the surface thereof and constructed his eyes accordingly. She did not in her scheme take into consideration the fact that there might be rod-fishers on the river banks and in another element who would be inimical to the trout and against whom it would be necessary to provide fish with special powers of vision. No doubt a fish can see his enemies in the water as a hawk can see his in the air, and no doubt anglers have educated trout to beware of them; but it is to an imperfect extent only, by reason of the difference of the elements and by reason of the angler not forming a factor in the scheme of creation.—*American Angler.*

The History of Lace.

In the use of lace as an adornment women have been more faithful to their early tastes than men, for up to the beginning of the present century it was as much worn by men as women. Henry III. covered himself with fine lace in gold, and the Valois used it profusely. Bossompiere, Cinq Mars, and other leaders of fashion at the court of Henry III, brought the extravagant use of lace to a climax. When gentlemen wore it as a decoration they adorned their gloves, falling collars, ruffs, and dresses with it in abundance. Some indeed wore a rosette of it on their gaiters, a bow of it on their hightop boots, and it was converted into fancy buckles for low shoes. It has from early date been used on covering of chalice altercloths, and decorated the priest's alo and the prelate's rochet. Mrs. Bury Palliser speaks of the high esteem in which the church held lace, and of celebrated painters furnishing designs for biblical pictures in which we see the mother, in anticipation of the return of the prodigal son, preparing for him a tippet trimmed with the richest point; the foolish virgins weeping with handkerchiefs bordered with it; the tablecloth of Dives, as well as the table-napkin used by his guest ornamented in the same manner.

Lace made for women's use formerly designated for each change of the season, for different hours of the day, and adapted to all ages. Under Louis XV. point d'Alencon and point d'Argenian, ettiquette styled "winter laces," and even now ladies have little discernment who can not distinguish appropriate laces for morning or evening wear. Valenciennes, with its clear ground work, is particularly adapted to handsome morning toilets. Narrow edgings are for linnen suitings, and torchon for hose seaside costumes that in elegant material ape the blue garb of the French peasant. Lace, properly considered, indicates by its transparent thick or smooth points, or those in relief, the difference between the frivolous and sedate, and suggests the appropriateness of such as should decorate promenade dresses, visiting costumes, or regatta or race toilets.

Great antiquity is claimed by many for the origin of lace. Yet an inconsistency is apparent, for if these eastern nations had manufactured lace for several centuries before it was known in Europe, why did they so strictly keep the secret? Then again, those people since the commencement of their history have carefully preserved their methods of dress, habits, and industrial arts. The first lace, which the earliest engraved patterns display was guipure, and came to us from Venice. There is but little reason for doubting that the origin of lace is purely Italian. The Venetains used ornaments in high relief on their guipures, and adroitly did they study the effect of light and shade that shadows changed from dark to light at each movement of the weaver.

In Queen Charlotte's time the English had a piece of lace manufactured in point d'Angleterre. and presented it to her, which had for design the destruction of the invincible Armada by Elizabeth's fleet. It shows men-of-war bending before the wind, dolphins nearly as large as the ships, forts, groups of weapons, and flags reproduced with great fidelity. The point d'Alencon. made with a needle, is acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be the richest and most beautiful of all laces. Elegant and fine, made entirely of linen thread, it has raised figures for ornaments.

Long after hand-made laces had enjoyed a life of popularity, mechanism invaded the domain of lace-making. Tulle was the first lace so made. Many unsuccessful efforts were made which finally culminated, toward the end of the last century, in the bobbin loom. From this invention immense machines, moved by steam, weave upward of sixteen thousand meshes per minute, while a lace-maker, on an average can produce but five or six meshes in the same time. Those wearing expensive hand-made lace can scarcely realize the labor employed in its manufacture. In traveling through Flanders, Norway, or Auvergne, one often sees a ground floor filled with young girls, bending over their cushions, wielding innumerable bobbins around innumerable pins, twisting, crossing, interlacing them, without a single mistake; in a word, making nearly 152,000 evolutions for a design of ten inches, amounting to twenty-seven movements in a minute.

Bossompiere says that the baptism of the royal children of France in 1606, when extravagance ran riot, cost him 7,000 crowns. The lace, which was manufactured for the occasion, was of exquisite texture, and had sewn on it fifty pounds weight of pearl. Gabriella D'Estrees in 1594 ordered a lace handkerchief made for her, the price being 950 crowns. Mary, of Medicis, made the Medicis supplant the French ruff after her arrival at the French capital. It was composed of lovely lace, and on account of its abrupt rise of twelve inches at the back of the neck had to be supported on wire.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Death to Mosquitoes and Flies.

"That's a queer order," remarked a Chestnut Street florist on Saturday afternoon to a *Record* reporter, at the same time handing him a dispatch, dated Atlantic City, August 4, which read as follows: "Send the two hundred castor-oil plants as soon as possible, at the price quoted in your letter of July 28. Sample came O. K. and acted like a charm," To the telegram was attached the name of the proprietor of one the largest hotels at Atlantic City.

"What does he want with castor-oil plants?" queried the scribe.

"Well," replied the florist, "they're not particularly pretty, but they're death on flies and mosquitous, and he is going to use them to keep his hotel free from these pests."

The discovery that castor-oil plants possess the faculty of killing and keeping away flies, mosquitoes and other insects was recently made by a French scientist named Rafford, who noticed that certain rooms in his house, in which castor-oil plants were growing, were entirely free from these disagreeable insects, although other apartments were infested with them. He found lying near the plants great quantities of dead flies, and a large number of dead bodies were hanging to the under surface of the leaves, which caused him to investigate the matter, and the discovery was made that the plants gave out an essential oil or some tonic principle which possessed very powerful insecticide qualities.

In the greenhouse connected with the florist's establishment the reporter was shown several hundred of the plants, from a foot to eighteen inches in height, and a most careful examination of the place failed to disclose the presence of a single fly.

"There is no doubt," said the florist, "that the idea of keeping out insects by this means will prove very popular. The plants are hardy and need but little care."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Chinese Foot.

The standard foot of the Imperial Board of Works at Pekin is, according to the *North China Herald*, twelve and a half inches. A copper foot-measure, dated A. D. 81, is still preserved, and is nine and a half inches in length. The width is one inch. The small copper coins, commonly called cash, were made of such a size, sometimes, as just to cover an inch on the foot rule. In the course of two centuries it was found that the foot had increased half an inch, and a difference in the dimensions of musical instruments resulted Want of harmony was the consequence, and accordingly, in A. D. 274, a new measure, exactly nine inches in length, was made the standard. Among the means employed for comparing the old and new foot are mentioned the gnomon of official sun-dials and the length of certain jade tubes used according to old regulations as to standards. One of these latter was so adjusted that an inch in breadth was equal to the breadth of ten millet seeds. A hundred millet seeds, or ten inches, was the foot. The Chinese foot is really based on the human hand, as is the European foot upon the foot. It strikes the Chinese as very incongruous when they hear that we measure cloth, woodwork, masonry, etc., which they regard as especially matters for the hand, by the foot. Of the jade tubes above mentioned there were twelve, and these formed the basis for the measurement of liquids and solids 4,000 years ago. They are mentioned in the oldest Chinese documents with the astrolabe, the cycle of sixty years, and several of the oldest constellations. It is likely that they will be found to be an importation from Babylon, and in that case the Chinese foot is based on a Babylonian measure of a span, and should be nine inches in length.

—It is proposed to include the entire county of Santa Barbara in the municipality of the same name, thereby making it the largest city in the world in point of territorial extent

How the Colonel Paid His Hotel Bill.

Before Colonel W——. became comfortably settled in life he had many ups and downs of fortune. Once he carried a number of slaves to New Orleans, and made a very successful sale. He undertook, however, to increase his supply of money by methods which involved more elements of chance than were connected with his regular business. It was an unlucky venture, and in a very short time he found himself with only money enough to pay his passage on a boat as far up the river as Natchez. Although he had not a dollar in his pocket, when he reached Natchez he put up at the best public-house. He wore a broadcloth suit and a silk hat, and sported a gold-headed cane with which he would not have parted for many times its value. He bore himself with an easy dignity, calculated to impress all who saw him with the belief that he was a capitalist with abundant resources, who might be induced to invest some thousands in the property of the town. A week had nearly passed, and he had not succeeded in putting enough money in his purse to pay his landlord. One Sunday afternoon, when he was seriously thinking of making a stealthy exit at night, he learned that the roughs and gamblers, who at that time formed a considerable part of the population of Natchez, had assembled on a public road not far from the town to witness some foot-races. He at once started thitherward, and reached the place just as an athletic and fierce-looking fellow, who was exulting over his victories, offered in a loud voice to bet fifty dollars that he could beat anybody on the ground in a race of one hundred yards. The Colonel remembered that he himself had been fleet of foot in his younger days, and, pressed by dire necessity, he resolved to try his luck on this occasion. So in the pause which followed the champion's challenge he stepped forward, and making a stately bow, said, quietly: "I will take your bet, thir." The bully looked at him a few moments in contemptuous surprise, and said: "Well put up your money."

With a courtly wave of the hand the Colonel replied, deprecatingly: "Their ith no need, thir, of that formality between gentlemen. I am a gentleman, and I take you to be one. If I loothe the rathe I will pay you the fifty dollarth; if you loothe it, I do not doubt that you will act with equal honor. The word of a gentleman ith hith bond."

The rough and desperate men present seemed to regard this as a very remarkable proposition, and for a time the challenger was nonplussed. He steadily and suspiciously eyed the polite and well-dressed stranger, and finally said, with significant emphasis: "All right, old boy; but if there's any flickerin' in this thing, you may know what to expect."

Without further parley the Colonel divested himself of coat, vest and hat, and, placing them with his cane upon the grass, stepped out upon the road, and put himself in position by the side of the champion. The spectators evinced the liveliest interest in the race, and ranged themselves along each side of the road. Bets were freely offered at enormous odds against the rash stranger, who certainly did not look a match for his stalwart competitor; hut there were few of these bets taken. At a given signal the men darted off amidst the yells of the delighted crowd. For nearly the whole distance the two contestants, who seemed to be straining every nerve, kept side by side, but when within about twenty yards of the goal the Colonel, by dint of extraordinary effort, shot ahead, and won the race. He was now the hero of the hour, and as he walked back to the starting-point, exhausted and almost breathless, he was heartily cheered by the excited spectators. His opponent came up promptly and paid him the fifty dollars, and at the same time challenged him for another trial.

"No, thank you, thir, said the Colonel, as he pocketed the money; "I make it a rule never to run more than one rathe a day."

He then carefully put on his vest, coat and hat, placed his cane under his arm, made one of his profoundest bows, and with a pleasant "Good-afternoon, gentlemen," strutted complacently away. That evening he paid his bill at the hotel and took a boat for Nashville.

Colonel W——used to relate this incident with a relish, and when asked what he intented to do in case he lost the race, he would say: "Well, to tell you the truth, it wath a desperate cathe; but I made up my mind that if I didn't win, I would keep on running, and never look behind until I reached Tenetthee.',—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Chickadee.

He is, *par excellence*, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the Chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder; and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat-collar, he selected a comfortable roosting-place tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined. —*Bradford Torrey, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A Switchman's Brave Act.

The all absobing topic of conversation in Beverly to-day is the brave act of Isaac Williams in averting a collision between two passenger trains at the Eastern Railroad station on Wednesday. It seems that the train to Portland came into Beverly depot a few moments late, and signals were set warning the Gloucester express, then due, but the engineer of the express did not notice them quite so soon as he would had he not known that the road, by right, was his.

When he did see them he at once applied his air brakes and reversed his engine, but the suddenness of the act broke the connections of the air brake and they would not hold the train. The engine, with wheels reversed, was rushing onward, pushed by the train. Danger signals were shown to man the brakes, but nothing could stop the mad career of the train under such headway. Among those who saw the incoming train to its sure destruction was Ike Smith, as he is familiarly called by his friends, and he at once sprang to the switch to turn the train off its course, but to his horror he found the Portland train had run on to the switch. At once calling to the engineer to back off he stood by while men were calling bim to get away or he would be killed. Well knowing it was his life or a hundred others, and perhaps both, he stood firm, and the instant the Portland engine was off the switch he gave it a turn just as the incoming engine struck it, the engines passing within a few inches of each other, and away went the express on to a side track. Smith is usually employed on a gravel train, has seen many narrow escapes, but never loses his head. This week he is employed to fill the place of Mason, who is on a vacation, and right well has he filled it. The express had on board a large number of the wealthy shore residents, who were perfectly wild over Williams and his daring exploit. A large sum of money was at once made up for him on the train, and more is in store for him. He certainly deserves promotion. Williams, who is about twenty-eight years old, and a son of Joseph Williams, a bricklayer, living Rantoul street, is the hero of the day.—*Boston Traveller.*

Queer Accidents at Sea.

Perhaps the lingerer in the Captains' room will hear no more thrilling tale than the story of the ship Essex, of Nantucket, Captain George Pollard. One calm day in 1819 she lay in the Pacific, near the equator, with every boat out in pursuit, when suddenly a large whale rose a few yards from the ship, and, rushing at her with open jaws, struck her a blow that made every timber tremble. He then coursed away in his frenzy for two miles or more, but returned and struck her again with such force as to crush in her sides and sink her almost before the boats could be recalled. The crew of twenty men took to the open boats, well aware that the nearest land—the coast of Chili—was two thousand miles away. They were three months making the distance, and endured every horror to which humanity is subject—heat, tempest, thirst, hunger (even to the eating of human flesh,) insanity and death, and but eight of the twenty lived to reach the land. This narrative recalls a train of reminiscences of singular accidents to ships at sea. In 1796, for instance, while the Harmony, one of Mr. Rotch's ships, from Dunkirk, was becalmed on the Brazil banks, a whale leaped squarely on her deck amidships and crushed her level with the water, so that she sank in a few moments. In November, 1807, the ship Union, Captain Gardner, was struck in the Atlantic by a sperm whale, and sunk a few minutes after receiving the blow, her crew of twenty-three men taking to the boats and reaching the Azores in safety. But perhaps the strangest accident happened to Captain Folger, a famous whaling captain of the island. As his vessel lay at anchor one night, in one of the bays of Newfoundland, with only the dog-watch on deck, suddenly she was felt to be hurrying to sea at much more than her usual speed. The frightened watch called lustily for help, but before the Captain could reach the deck the vessel was out of the harbor and going swiftly into the darkness. Concluding that a whale was foul of the anchor, he shouted to cut the cable, and this being done, the vessel soon lost headway and was got safely back to port.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Cat's Sagacity.

One night last week a kitten was chased by dogs, and took refuge in a tree on Park Street. There she clung in the crotch of two of the top most limbs. She did not dare to move, and remained all night in her uncomfortable position, crying and wet through by the heavy showers. In the morniug the kitten's mother, a sage old cat, saw her offspring's situation, and tried to call her down, but the kitten wouldn't move. Finally the old cat mounted a post in full view of the kitten, and, calling it's attention, backed down the post several times to show the kitten how the thing was done. Finally the kitten plucked up courage, and, following the mother's example, descended the tree backward. —*Portland (Me.) Press.*

—The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while he was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.—*Exchange.*

Opium Cigars.

There are few persons, outside of those in police circles and dealers in articles consumed by opium users, that are aware how widespread is the use of this noxious drug in San Francisco. Druggists can tell of the numerous calls for it in liquid and powdered form, and the police have only a partial knowledge of the number of places where opium smoking is surreptitiously carried on. Cigarettes impregnated with the fumes of the drug have long been sold, and in this way the habit of opium smoking has often been unconsciously acquired. If the several forms mentioned in which the drug is made to supply the demand were not enough, another and more insinuating, at the same time as innocent in appearance as any, has been introduced. Probably some of the readers of this item have recently seen small, elegantly made boxes, an inch or an inch and a half wide by two inches long, filled with the tiniest of cigars—toy cigars, they look like—much better made than the larger article. If curiosity had prompted an examination, these little cigars would have been found to have been made of the best tobacco and fragrantly scented. These small samples of the cigar maker's craft are the new form in which the appetite of opium smoking is indulged in a more open manner than it can be usually followed by the devotees of the pernicious habit. Opium is too costly to be mixed with the tobacco of these small cigars, and it is a question if it is not in a more poisonous shape than when used in the way of a liquid, such as laudanum, or a powder, or in the usual pasty form. The tobacco—and good tobacco is used—is put in a bracier and held over burning opium, the weed is thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of the drug, and it is a question if it is not stronger thus smoked than when inhaled direct from the paste. Those who know the terrible effects of drinking anything from a glass "smoked" with tobacco smoke can probably appreciate the strength of these innocent looking small cigars when saturated with the fumes of opium. These cigars are not sold by tobacconists, and are difficult to get, even by those who use them. They are sold on the quiet, so it is said, by Chinamen who are strictly "no sabee" to any one they are not certain of. Two samples were shown the writer, one an inch long and over on eight of an inch in diameter, the other nearly half an inch longer and proportionately thicker, both kinds well made. A small mouth-piece, similar to a cigarette holder, accompanied the box, which contained fifteen cigars.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Woman's Pluck.

The Beaver Savings-Bank at Beaver, a few miles below Pittsburg, suspended yesterday. It was a personal liability concern, with a capital of only $15,000. It was owned and managed by J. C. McCreery, who is abundantly able to meet the liabilities, which are not large. In connection with the failure the following story is told. Its truthfulness is vouched for by several responsible gentlemen of Beaver: Some time ago an Englishman named Ubalto removed from Boston and settled in Beaver, his occupation being photography. He prospered, and when he died a year or so ago he left a nice little property to his wife and son. Some time ago Mrs. Ubalto, who is an Englishwoman about 60 years of age, sold some of her property and deposited $700 with the Beaver Savings Bank. Thursday morning Mrs. Ubalto heard some rumors to the effect that the bank was not solvent, and would probably suspend in a day or two. She is a very energretic woman, and has a pretty fair knowledge of business affairs, and she determined to act promptly. Accordingly she went at once to the bank, where she found Mr. McCreery. She was accompanied by her son, who is twenty-one years of age, and they made a demand for the money. Mr. McCreery said that the bank had failed, and that the failure would be announced the next day. Owing to this he told her that he could not pay her the money, but said that she must take her chances with the other creditors and get the same proporition that they did. This excited Mrs, Ubalto very much, and she, turning to her son, told him to go to the house and get a pistol. She gave her instructions in such a low tone that Mr. McCreery did not hear what she said, and did not suspect anything until the young man returned with a derringer, which he handed to his mother. She promptly cocked it, and pointing it at Mr. McCeery she reiterated her demand for the money, saying that she would shoot him if he did not comply. Mr. McCreery tried to appease Mrs. Ubalto, but she would not listen to him, and her son intimated that he was fully prepared to back up his mother's claims. The result was that Mr. McCreery went to the safe where he kept his greenbacks, counted out the $700, and gave it to the widow. She received it without a word, and handed it and the pistol to her son, and then in true feminine fashion she fainted away on the bank floor. Every effort was made to keep the affair quiet, but it leaked out to-day.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Special i Chicago Tribune.*

The Browns Ahead.

She was complaining about the Browns. She said that Mrs. Brown was shoddy, vulgar and illiterate, and the young women were silly, impudent, and putting on altogether too many airs.

"They should be crushed," said Mrs. Foggs.

"Indeed they should," added Mrs. Scruggs.

"And we will crush them," continued the first. "Brown is in the pickle trade."

"Aha!" from two voices.

"We three will form a syndicate to purchase all the cucumbers in the country.

"We will!" in chorus.

"We'll force up prices, bust Brown, and crowd his family back where it belongs."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

"And we will—hold on! Alas! we are undone. Come to think of it, Brown doesn't use the real cucumber in his trade, but has 'em made to order out of gutta-percha. Ladies, we can not compete with machinery. Let us be satisfied with snubbing the Browns.—*Wall Street News.*

High Prices and Pure Bred Stock.

There seems to be a disposition among agricultural writers to ridicule high bred stock because they sometimes command high prices. One will remark on the price that butter must bring to make a cow worth $1,000 or upwards. Or another at the great expense of beef in a Duchess that brings $10,000. That a high bred animal to be high priced also must have characteristics that have value of themselves over and above the breeding of the animal is now being generally demanded, and breeding for pedigree simply with no reference to individual quality, is being generally discarded.

No one will deny that a good animal is better than a poor one, and one that has been bred from ancestors of known purity of blood, no matter what the breed if they have desirable qualities, if their character is so well established that they will transmit their qualities with almost exact certainty they will become valuable, at least as long as there is common stock to improve. If "Widow Brown's old muley cow" is a good cow and will breed without failure calves that partake of her characteristics, she will be worth as much as any muley, imported or not, that has the same qualities and reproduces them. In that case she must soon have a herd book or the evidence of purity of blood cannot be reliably shown.

If there are instances of individual animals among the common herds that are as good as the pure breeds; if they have as fine form and give as great weight at the same age on the same food, or as much milk, or butter, or cheese, and they are bred so as to conform invariably to this standard, there will soon be a breed and they will bring high prices. If they will not do this there is no certainty of the produce being extraordinary and therefore the animal is worth no more than what she can produce of herself will warrant. The pure breed has value in her progeny which increases in geometrical ratio. We have just noticed a sale of 21 short horns the produce of two cows purchased five years since for $2,500, the aggregate for the 21 being $16,600 dollars, evidently a good investment.

It will not do to say that one of equal performance is as valuable as another. Things are worth what they will bring as a rule. Our stock men are not so void of intelligence as not to know what will prove a good investment, and never does the stock of the country improve so fast as when there is an active interest in pure bred stock. And just as soon as there is a demand the price for the best will increase. There may be occasions of speculative inflation, but only such as are incident to commercial operations. It has been seventy-five years since a Shorthorn brought $5,000, and there has been no time since when the best of that breed would not bring thousands, nor has any skillful attempt judiciously followed in breeding this stock been a financial failure. And this is true of many other kinds of stock. This does not mean that every one could succeed no more than that every man would succeed as a merchant or lawyer or in any trade or profession.

Secondly, it is not difficult to prove that a choice animal true to breed has in itself a large market value. Figures will show and practice will confirm that a well-bred sire may be worth one or ten thousand dollars for use on common stock, and so long as there is a demand for good the best will bring high prices. We would not encourage speculation in stock by farmers nor extravagant prices for inferior stock, but no one who has the skill to breed and takes proper care of them will fail with good stock at good prices.—*Cor. Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Treatment of Consumption.

The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* has published a series of papers on consumption in New England, written by Dr. Hurd, of Newburyport. The following are some of its leading points:

Consumption can be cured in its first stages, i. e., before ulceration has much progressed. Such cures have been due mainly to avoidance of the causes—lack of nourishing food, confined air, etc.

Hereditary consumption, and that which has resulted from debilitating habits in the parents, are the least curable. Our spring months—from their excessive moisture—are the worst in the year for all lung complaints.

Various localities are recommended as health resorts, but those are best which enable the patient to spend the most time in the open air and assure him a good appetite for an abundance of nourishing food. Such conditions are found in the bracing air of elevated regions. But as these regions are cold a patient should not be sent there who has not a fair amount of physical resistance, nor those who are beyond the first stage of the disease. For these mild climates are preferable.

It is, however, very seldom that it does any good to send from home one in whom the disease is fixed. For persons of limited means the most that can be advised is to remove from the city to the country, or to change from indoor to out-door occupations.

"When patients have vigorous appetites and gain in flesh and strength, the most favorable conditions are secured. A vigorous appetite and digestion is worth more than are all the expectorants and antiseptics and germicides in the world. Acting on this principle, the most skillful physicians avoid cough medicines and especially opiates."

Dr. Hurd advises plenty of meat, raw or cooked; eggs; milk, the more the better; oysters, with bread and other farinaceous foods and fruits; cod liver oil, when the stomach will bear it; cream; some of the malt extracts, etc., to keep digestion at a high mark.

He further insists on the necessity of suitable exercise, hopefulness, the avoidance of debilitating passions, friction of the surface and sponging the body.

—Martin Van Buren used to take part in the quadrilles and minuets at Saratoga, and Judges, Senators, and other dignitaries were regularly seen upon the dancing floor. Nowadays only very young folks dance there.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is said that either lime or ashes sprinkled over each load of oats when it is put away in the barn will keep the rats away.—*N. Y. Herald.*